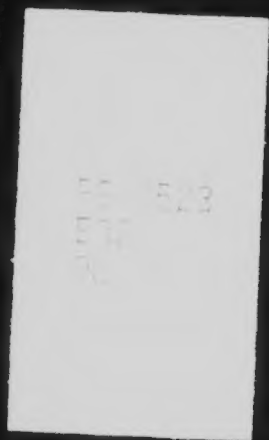


**OVER THE HILLS**

**OF HOME**

**LEVERIDGE**



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
# *Over the Hills of Home and Other Poems*

By  
*Lillian Leveridge*



86093

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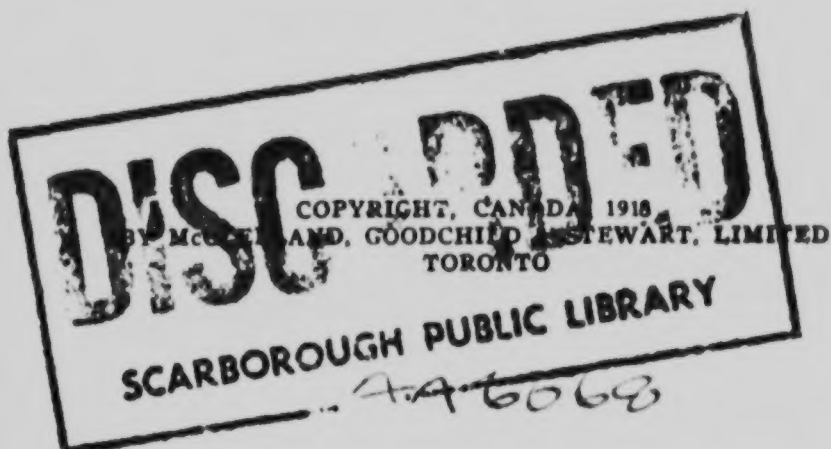
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TO MOTHER

*There shines no pearl in the deep, deep sea,  
Mother of mine,  
So fair, so rare as your love to me,  
Mother, mother of mine.*





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## OVER THE HILLS OF HOME

LADDIE, little laddie, come with me over the hills.  
Where blossom the white May lilies, and the dog-  
wood and daffodils;

For the Spirit of Spring is calling to our spirits that  
love to roam

Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow rue,  
And wreaths of the rare arbutus, a-blowing for me  
and you;

And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and hawthorn as  
white as foam.

We'll carry them all to Mother, laddie, over the hills  
at home.

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a song,  
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as we trip  
along;

But your own little song is sweeter, your own with its  
merry trills;

So, whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the windy  
hills.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows were home.  
Can you hear the kingle-klangle of their bell in the  
greenwood gloam?

Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the trail with  
you,

Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as  
you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a bluebird's  
wing.

O hush! If we wait and listen we may hear him  
carolling.

The vesper song of the thrushes, and the plaint of the  
whip-poor-wills—

Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over the twilit  
hills.

Brother, little brother, your childhood is passing by,  
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thought-  
ful eye.

You have many a mile to travel and many a task to do:  
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as  
you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,  
A call to the best and bravest in the land of liberty,  
To shatter the despot's power, to lift up the weak that  
fall.

Whistle a song as you go, laddie, to answer your  
country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the Spring has come back  
again,

But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your  
name in vain;

For never shall we together 'mid the birds and the  
blossoms roam

Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! "Somewhere in France"  
you sleep,

Somewhere 'neath alien flowers and alien winds that  
weep.

Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid  
down.

You unto death were faithful, laddie; yours is the  
victor's crown.

Laddie! Laddie! Laddie! How dim is the sunshine  
grown,  
As mother and I together speak softly in tender tone!  
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single  
theme,  
As we list for your dear, lost whistle, laddie, over the  
hills of dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie! How soon should we cease to  
weep  
Could we glance through the golden gateway, whose  
keys the angels keep!  
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you  
where you roam,  
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of  
Home.

*(Written as a tribute to Corporal Frank E. Leveridge, who  
died in France, after being wounded in action.)*

## THE WAY OF THE BRITISH

**I**t isn't the way of the British,  
In the fight for country and King,  
On the fair, white field of their valor,  
The shadow of shame to bring.  
There isn't a lad in the army,  
There isn't a lad on the sea,  
Would dim the light of his honor  
By a deed of infamy.

It isn't the way of Britain  
To grasp with greedy hand,  
And hold with a despot's power,  
Domain in a friendly land.  
But she fights for "a scrap of paper,"  
She dies for "an old colored rag,"  
When the one is her word of promise,  
And the other her blood-stained flag.

It isn't the way of the British,  
With ruthless hands of hate,  
The priceless things of a nation  
To plunder and desecrate.  
Not 'gainst defenceless women  
And children their guns are turned;  
Not 'gainst the weak and fallen—  
That isn't the way they've learned.



It isn't the way of the British  
To strike like the heathen hordes,  
To torture the hapless captives  
They take at the point of their swords.  
That was never the way with Britain.  
Her strength is the strength of ten;  
For her sons in her far-flung warfare  
Fight ever like gentlemen.

There were thirty or more of our gunners—  
It seems now so long ago—  
Were called to a post of peril,  
In the path of the furious foe.  
It was certain death, and they knew it;  
But the valor in each heart burned.  
"Good-by, good-by to you, fellows!"  
They called—and never returned.

Again came the short, sharp summons;  
And there dashed through the sulphurous  
smoke,  
With the same farewell to their comrades,  
While a wreath of smile outbroke—  
Thirty to follow the thirty;  
And the eager ranks closed in.  
That is the way of the British.  
That is the way they win.

This is the way of the British—

In the strength of their righteous cause,  
Upheld by the hosts of heaven,

They strike for their King and laws.  
From what do they shrink—our soldiers?

They may lose in the fearful fray  
Their lives, but never their honor,  
Who fight in the British way.

*Then here's to you, lads in the army,*

*And here's to you, lads on the sea;*

*To your hands that are strong and steady,*

*To your hearts that are true and free!—*

*Though long it be ere the dawning,*

*It cometh at last—the day,*

*When all that you've fought for, bled for,*

*You shall win in the British way.*

## WOMAN'S PART

**K**NEEL down, kneel down, ye mothers,  
Kneel down, ye sisters and wives,  
And plead with the God of Battles  
To spare your loved ones' lives.  
Pray for your stricken sisters  
Who wait by the lonely hearth,  
Whence the glow is failed and the gladness fled,  
And the light is lost from earth.

Kneel down, kneel down!—for the conflict  
Grows deadly and fierce and long,  
And the hearts of the foe are hateful,  
And the arms of the foe are strong.  
Yet the Judge of the whole earth giveth  
The battle to whom He will.  
Weep on, ye mothers—if ye must weep—  
Till He whispers, "Peace, be still!"

Kneel down, kneel down!—There are terrors  
That stalk in the noonday light;  
There are scalding drops of anguish  
That fall in the fearful night,  
Where homes are ablaze like beacons,  
Where the winds are a-moan with pain,  
Where your sons and your brothers stand to fight  
'Mid the drip of the warm red rain.

Kneel down, kneel down! They are thinking  
This moment, perchance, of you.  
They see you bow in the silence,  
Alone 'mid the starlit dew.  
They—they must stand at the cannon,  
They must look to the gatling gun:  
But the might of your prayer upholds them there  
Till the field is fought and won.

Rise up, rise up, ye mothers,  
Ye sisters and wives, arise!  
To the wide, ripe fields of labor  
Lift up, lift up your eyes!  
There are suffering ones by thousands  
Your ministering hands may bless,  
And desolate mourners that weep alone,  
Widows and fatherless.

To pray, to hope, to succor,  
To comfort the sick at heart,  
This is your field of battle,  
This is your woman's part.  
Then pray while ye toil and suffer,  
Yes, weep, if weep ye will,  
Till, quelling to quiet the clashing arms,  
Comes the whisper, "Peace, be still!"

## NUTTING

**I** WANT to go nutting to-day, mother.  
There's a hint of frost in the air,  
Though the sun is spreading a cloth of gold  
On the uplands, rich and fair.  
Young voices call that the brown nuts fall  
And the squirrel scolds and grieves.  
Let us haste away to the woods to-day,  
In the Moon of Falling Leaves.

I want to go nutting to-day, mother,--  
O mother! 'tis only a dream.  
'Tis many a mile to the hazel copse  
On the bank of the silver stream.  
'Tis many a year since I wandered there,  
Where the whistling winds are wild—  
As wild as they, in that far-off day,  
Was I as a little child.

Should I go nutting to-day, mother,  
I must follow the path alone—  
The path that winds by the hazel copse  
And down by the mossy stone;  
For the ringing beat of the boyish feet  
That clambered the rocky hill  
Falls never again on field or plain,  
Or the woodlands lone and still.

O, where are the boys to-day, mother,  
Our boys so bonnie and bright,  
The lads who gathered the hazel nuts  
In the golden Autumn light?  
For over the hill floats the echo still  
Of laughter light and gay,  
While alone at the gate I watch and wait—  
They tarry so long away.

They heard the call of the bugles, mother,  
And the rallying roll of drums.  
O, who can stay in the hazel copse  
When the call to a hero comes?  
One marches to-day 'neath the colors gay  
To a far-away field of fight;  
And the warfare of one is over and done.  
He rests on the hills of light.

I want to go nutting to-day, mother,  
On the hills where the winds are free;  
But only the Spirit of Silence there  
Will walk and will talk with me.  
For the laughter of yore awakes no more  
On the path where the dim light weaves  
A web of dreams by the silver streams,  
In the Moon of Falling Leaves.

## A WINTER'S NIGHT

O H! the rare delight of a winter's night,  
When drifted snows gleam whitely,  
When sleigh-bells chime with wild, sweet rhyme,  
And mirthful lips laugh lightly!

How pure and clear is the frosty air  
From far-off hilltops blowing!  
What joy it brings to the voice that sings,  
What light to bright eyes glowing!

Night's thousand eyes from sapphire skies  
With glances soft are beaming,  
And all aglow in the fields of snow  
Are countless jewels gleaming.

Come out to-night to the hills alight,  
To forests still and hoary,  
Where moonbeams play o'er the shining way  
And bathe the world in glory.



## NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART

**I**N yonder greening deeps a veery voices  
His plaintive note that almost thrills to tears,  
So sweet it is. Could I but learn that music,  
This harp of mine should echo down the years.

Ye wildwood blossoms, ye are poems written  
In God's great wonder-book by His own hand.  
'Tis yours to teach the happiest of lessons  
In words that all who read may understand.

Blue Violets in dewy mosses hiding,  
And breathing peerless perfumes on the wind,  
Ye tell me there is blessedness in shadow,  
That lowly, simple souls may surely find.

Gay Columbines, ye say that life is lovely,  
And brimming o'er with brightness even yet.  
Laughing ye lift your ruby cups of honey  
And bid me cease to murmur and to fret.

Fair Dogwood, hanging garlands by the wayside,  
Rare Honeysuckle, leaning from your bowers,  
And Hawthorn, scattering snowflakes on the breezes,  
Ye gladden with your beauty all the hours.

Ye thousand, thousand silver stars that spangle  
This emerald firmament of leaf and blade,  
Ye bid me lift my eyes, and bravely trusting,  
Go forward unashamed and unafraid.

Dear Mother Nature, leaning on thy bosom,  
I half forget the things that made me sad.  
Out in the world of toil and strife, be with me :  
Teach me to love, to hope, and to be glad.

## SPRINGLAND

**A**LL the flowers are sleeping, all the trees are bare :  
All the little fairy winds that wandered whispering  
there,

Golden sunbeams glancing, happy birds at play,  
All have flown toward the Southland, far and far  
away.

Yet in dreams glory-gleams drift across the snow.  
Faces fair meet me here, loves of long ago.

Once again I wander down the leafy lane,  
Where the woodthrush and the robin sing their morn-  
ing strain.

Once again I linger, gathering violets blue,  
Waiting in the woodland pathway, dear old friend,  
for you.

Buds unfold hearts of gold, fresh with fragrant dew,  
While I wait. You are late; what is keeping you?

List! the leaflets whisper, robins carol shrill,  
Now I hear your lilting laughter floating down the  
hill.

Books a-swinging gaily, sun hat all awry,  
Comes my merry, witching schoolmate, morning in  
her eye.

Wildflower grace lights her face. All the rosy spring,  
Everywhere passing fair, knows no sweeter thing.

"Mollie, I have waited long for you," I cry.

"Have you solved the Euclid problems? Did you find  
Delhi,

Fuji-san and Klondike, Fife and Innisfree?

Though I toiled for hours and hours they still eluded  
me."

Hark! the bell down the dell rings a summons sweet.  
Swift we run. Shade and sun flash beneath our feet.

Silent stands the schoolhouse 'neath its sheltering  
trees;

Softly through the open window comes the drone of  
bees.

We are bees that gather honey-drops to store—

Golden honey-drops of wisdom from the old v     's  
lore.

O how fleet are the sweet school days! All too soon  
They are sped, youth has fled, morning melts to noon.

Wayward, laughter-loving, are my mate and I.

He, the grave and kindly master, looks with patient  
sigh

Oft toward our corner—never once to chide.

In our wilful way we love him—teacher, friend and  
guide.

Yet we prove not our love. Does he know or care?

Hush! the day dies away, and the night is near.

Night, and snowy silence, moonbeams pale and chill!  
Night—and not a wildwood blossom on the wintry  
hill!

You have passed before me, loves of schooldays dear,  
To the sunny bowers of Springland, flower-clad and  
fair.

Some glad day, far away, each dear face I'll see.  
I am late—will you wait on the hills for me?

## THE SONG OF THE WOOD THRUSH

**B**ELOVED bird, I hear thee calling, calling,  
Where sun-kist morning smiles.  
A very shower of liquid music falling  
Adown the forest aisles  
Rains radiantly upon my spirit. Lightly  
The dewy gates of sleep  
Fold back. I enter where the sunbeams brightly  
Tryst with the roses keep.

Beyond the garden and beyond the meadows,  
Beyond the breezy hill,  
Through quivering lights and dusky violet shadows,  
I follow, follow still;  
Till here, where never human footfall soundeth,  
'Mid breath of scented bloom,  
Where heaven's peace and earth's warm love  
aboundeth,  
I find thy hermit home.

High up amid the green boughs swaying, swinging,  
Thy drowsy nestlings dream,  
Weaving with silver splendors of thy singing  
The morning's golden beam.  
O dwellers of the glowing dawn, what sweetness  
Of lullaby you list!  
Cradled and folded fast in love's completeness.  
Wind-rocked, song-soothed, star-kist!

How lovely is the world where Nature kneeleth  
With folded hands to pray!  
All loveliness thy clear songshine revealeth:  
The blue heavens far away  
Are leaning lower, winds ahush are listening,  
And all the flowers rejoice,  
With tears of gladness on their faces glistening,  
Blest bird, to hear thy voice.

Those fluted notes, so pure, so richly mellowed,  
How silvery they flow!  
A pause, a hush, and then a peerless prelude  
In tender tremolo—  
A soft song-whisper—ushers in the glory  
Of thy sublimer strain,  
The song that tells thy passionate love story  
Again and yet again.

Immersed within that flowing flood of rapture,  
A baptism divine,  
Some Eden-gleam my spirit may recapture,  
Whose glories round thee shine.  
Some little measure of thy inspiration,  
Light not of land nor sea—  
The blessed, kindly light of consecration—  
Thy music showers on me.



Yet though thy matin song is keyed to gladness,  
Joy breathes in every note,  
Thy hymn at even is athrill with sadness  
That trembles in thy throat.  
Hast thou, sweet bird, some unfulfilled desire,  
Some longing, wild and vain,  
That, howsoe'er thy throbbing hopes aspire,  
Thou canst not yet attain?

O forest child, no dream that's worth the dreaming  
But some day will come true.  
Then let us sing while life's glad morning gleaming  
Inspires our love anew.  
Yes, we will sing, unwearied and unresting.  
Who knows what bliss may wait  
For you and me, dear comrade of my questing,  
Beyond the sunset gate?

## MY PHILOSOPHY

SAY! I'm glad I'm livin' such a glorious day.  
Makes me feel like dancin' two-steps all the way;  
Makes me feel as rich as any millionaire,  
With a sure life interest in a world so fair.

Diamonds in the dew-drops, sunshine droppin' gold,  
Better'n all the nuggets Klondike mountains hold;  
Sky a sea of azure, one white cloud afloat,  
Sailin' soft and airy like a fairy's boat.

Lovely flowers a-flingin' perfumes to the breeze:  
Little winds a-quiver in the leafy trees;  
Little birds s-singin' like they'd never stop—  
Joy as light as bubbles comes right to the top.

Bumble bees a-buzzin' in the buckwheat flowers,  
Haulin' home the honey in the shinin' hours;  
Rivulets a-lispin', as they flow along,  
Happy little secrets, trills of summer song.  
All day long the gladness, loveliness and light,  
Then the starry stillness o' the welcome night;  
All life long the blessin's scattered from God's hand,  
Then the rest remainin' in the Promised Land.

Heart o' mine, be joyful!—Ain't no call for tears.  
Garner up the sunbeams all along the years.  
Souls that seek for brightness find it manifold.  
Heart o' mine, be joyful! Gather in the gold.

## WHAT'S THE USE?

**W**HAT'S the use, dear heart, of sighing  
Just because the skies are gray,  
And the bright things that you dream of  
Never seem to come your way?  
Storms and shadows make the sunshine  
Afterward more clear and bright.  
Joy of dawn can only follow  
After dreary glooms of night.

What's the use of idly wishing  
For a soft and easy time?  
They who gain the sunny summits  
Are not carried there—they climb.  
Man was made for strong endeavor.  
Rich and rare the recompense  
That's awaiting grit and daring.  
Tempered well with common sense.

What's the use of fuss and fretting  
When the world seems going wrong?  
Time will smooth out all the tangles  
In the knotted skein ere long.  
Ever in the keenest conflict  
Worry's on the losing side.  
Follow faith, whose voice of quiet  
Safe to victory will guide.

What's the use of fondly dreaming  
Of the great things you would do,  
Scorning little, lowly duties,  
Day by day that call for you?  
By the path of slight endeavor  
Honor cometh not—but such  
As are faithful in the little  
May be trusted with the much.

What's the use of weakly yielding  
To a foolish fit of "blues"?  
Whistling's better far than weeping—  
You can whistle if you choose.  
Wherefore magnify your troubles?  
Wherefore minimize your hope,  
Viewing virtues through the wrong end  
Of Love's mighty telescope?

What's the use of pensive pining  
For the Alpine edelweiss,  
While about your feet are blowing  
Flowers as fair at lesser price?  
When you've used up all the sweetness  
That along your path is shed,  
Angel hands will surely scatter  
Brighter blessings on your head.

What's the use of dull despairing  
When you've fought so hard and failed?  
After countless disappointments  
Heights of glory oft are scaled.  
Obstacles, mistakes and failures  
Stepping stones may prove to you.  
Courage, then! Nor faint, nor falter  
Till you win your Waterloo.

## TRIFLES

IT was only a kindly greeting  
And the grip of a warm, strong hand  
As I faltered—a friendless stranger—  
At the gate of an unknown land;  
But the light of a star shone clearly  
Through the dusk of the twilight gray;  
And my heart was a-thrill with music  
That night as I knelt to pray.

It was only a gift of flowers,  
As I passed with weary tread  
Where she stood, in the summer gloaming,  
In the midst of her garden bed:  
But the breath of those bright, fresh blossoms,  
And the smile in her soul-lit eyes,  
Kindled hope in my shadowed spirit,  
And filled me with sweet surprise.

It was only a little letter  
In the tremulous lines of a child;  
But it silenced the sigh of a heart-ache,  
And my burden of care beguiled:  
For it said I was not forgotten,  
Though our ways were wide apart;  
And I sang with tender gladness,  
For the love of that little heart.

It was only a pale pressed blossom  
From haunts where I used to stray;  
But it brought me a tender token  
Of love from the Faraway:  
And I heard once more the sighing  
Of the pines by the limpid lake,  
When those fragrant rose-tipped petals  
I kissed for old time's sake.

Mere trifles, long forgotten!—  
Yet a sweetness still they bring,  
For to me they were chords of music  
Whose echoes like harp-notes ring.  
And the silence of memory's hall-ways  
Grows sweet as the years grow long:  
For love, is it not immortal?  
And kindness a deathless song?

## THE DREAMER

THE great life passions, burning love and hate,  
In the great world strive mightily for power.  
Mine are the little loves by Nature nursed—

The bird on wing, the blossom in the bower.

The winds that wander from the far-off hills

Bring me a thousand messages. The wave

That laps at evening on the twilit shore

Whispers to me in pensive tones and grave.

The rill that ripples on its pebbly way

Brings me a gift of laughter, low and sweet.

The forest leaves, they clap their hands for me,

And all their little summer songs repeat.

I share the brown bee's perfumed honey dew;

My spirit dances with the butterfly;

To me the cricket on his violin

Plays all night long a lilting lullaby.

Strange melodies I hear 'mid pine and fir—

Rare, fragmentary notes from heaven adrift,

That floating, zephyr-wafted, 'mid the blue,

On frail dream-wings my listening spirit lift.

Perchance beyond the sunset and the dawn,

Amid the symphonies of seraph-song.

And deathless roses, I at last may find

The warmer, closer love for which I long.



## THE LITTLE GREEN GATE

AWAY from the stress of the city,  
And to ceaseless, echoing sound  
Of tireless toiling and spinning,  
And pleasure—a dizzying round—  
With never a haunting whisper  
Of duties that press and wait,  
We fold our hands in the noontide,  
And dream, by a little green gate.

The sun glows clear in the heavens—  
A luminous sapphire dome—  
And filters gold through the maple  
Where a robin has built her home.  
Comes rippling over and over  
Her "Cheerily, cheer up, cheer!  
'Tis the season of roses and clover—  
O cheer up, cheerily, dear!"

In a fragrant blossoming locust  
A golden oriole swings  
Abreast of the frolicksome breezes,  
He preens his beautiful wings.  
A catbird hides in the cedars,  
And out of his dim retreat  
He pours, like a lovesome poet,  
A rollicking rhyme and sweet.

Each pause in the birds' glad chorus  
Is filled by the soft, low sigh  
And whisper of leaves and grasses,  
As the winds go wandering by—  
Wild winds from the blue hills yonder,  
That watch by the purple tide,  
Where centuries pass in silence,  
And the dreams of the years abide.

Far off, where the heart of the city  
Beats high with the pulse of life,  
There's a call to the ranks of endeavor,  
There's a challenge for ceaseless strife.  
Away from the blossom-sweet stillness  
There are duties that throng and wait:  
But Confidence walks with Courage  
While we rest by the little green gate.

## DAY DREAMS

A FAR-OFF light  
Of things that are yet to be,  
Like a pale star-gleam on the wings of dream,  
Floats through the dark to me.

A dream of Faith  
That shines through the mists of years,  
Till the long, long night is lost in light,  
And laughter blooms from tears.

A dream of Hope  
That lives though all else be dead,—  
Hope crowned at last when the pain is past,  
And the last of the tears are shed.

A dream of Love,  
The Love that cannot fail,—  
For whate'er befall, Love conquers all,  
And Death shall not prevail.

Will my dream come true?  
Some day on a far-off shore  
Will Death lie dead on his shrouded bed,  
And Sorrow be no more?

Some glad spring dawn  
Will there blossom peace from pain?  
Will the hidden good be understood,  
And lost souls found again?

Yes! For I know  
That only the good can live.  
On that morning fair, sometime, somewhere,  
All else will Love forgive.

## IN THE TWILIGHT

**A**T eve in the hush of the twilight  
We sit when the day is done,  
Watching the purpling shadows  
That steal from the sinking sun.  
And the murmur and tender cadence  
Of a loved old song to-night  
Resounds from the keys of the organ  
Agleam in the mellow light.

A tender peace  
Steals over my soul,  
A sweet release  
From the world's control ;  
While soft light wreathes  
With the shadows dim,  
And the silence breathes  
With a sweet old hymn.

The day has been long and weary,  
But the evening at home brings rest.  
The world is shut out with its worries,  
The heart is no more opprest ;  
And cares, like the dews of morning,  
Are lifted and swept away  
By the magic spell of music,  
As you sit in the twilight and play.

Soft, soft, again  
Through the silence dim  
Floats the tender strain  
Of an old sweet hymn.  
'Mid the amber gleam  
Of the sinking sun,  
When dreams we dream  
When the day is done!

O beautiful hour of the twilight,  
All vocal with sacred song!  
To-night through the shrouding shadows  
How sweet are the thoughts that throng!  
No dreams like those dreams unfading,  
No music with power to please  
Like the old airs that trembled and floated  
From the yellow old ivory keys!

Mellow and sweet,  
When the day is done  
And shadows meet  
With the sinking sun,  
Soft, soft and low,  
Through the shadows dim,  
The echoes flow  
Of a dear old hymn.

## LOVE'S MINISTRY

**R**UDELY cradled in a manger.  
Sweetly sleeps a little Child.  
O'er Him bends a maiden Mother,  
Lowly, lovely, undefiled.  
Star-led sages own His kingship;  
Gifts they bring on bended knee.  
What is there that I may offer  
Him Who left His throne for me?

Now with gracious touch of healing  
See Him cheer the sick, the sad,  
From the morn until the even  
Making countless mourners glad.  
He is Friend of all the friendless;  
Sweet His loving smile I see.  
What of service may I offer  
Him Who daily blesseth me?

Lo! at midnight in the garden  
Kneels alone the Son of God;  
Crimson drops of awful anguish  
Darkly dew the blossomed sod.  
"Must I drink this cup, O Father?"—  
This His agonizing plea—  
"Not My will, but Thine." My Saviour  
Drained those bitter dregs—for me.

Lifted up 'twixt earth and heaven  
On the cruel cross of shame  
Hangs the Christ. For the redemption  
Of our ruined world He came:  
But they crucified Him, nailing  
Hands that blessed them to the tree.  
Yet He cried, "Forgive them, Father."  
Dying thus, He prayed for me.

Easter dawns in peerless glory,  
Flower fragrance fills the air.  
Christ hath burst the gloomy portals  
Of the grave. The angels fair  
Tell the world the wondrous tidings,  
"He is risen. Come and see  
Where He lay." The glorious Victor  
Vanquished sin and death for me.

Hark! I hear His sweet voice calling  
O'er the silence long and deep  
Of the ages: "Dost thou love Me?  
Feed My lambs and feed My sheep.  
From the fold My lost ones wander;  
Seek them as I sought for thee.  
Lead them, lift them, bless them, love them—  
And ye do it unto Me."



## THE EASTER WINDS

THE little winds of dawning,  
Long centuries ago,  
Went straying in a garden  
With bursting buds aglow.  
A wondrous tale they whispered  
Of One Who loved, Who died  
For men whose hatred pierced Him  
In hands and feet and side.

Bright angels told His story:  
The winds caught up the song:  
On viewless wings forever  
They bear the strain along.  
The flowers await His coming:  
For love of Him they bloom—  
The fadeless Rose of Sharon  
That blossomed from the tomb.

O little winds of Easter  
That blow amid the hills,  
With lily perfume laden  
And breath of daffodils,  
Go, blow across the ocean,  
And carry to "our boys,"  
Our truest and our dearest,  
A gift of Easter joys—

The sweetness of the blossoms,  
The music of the bells,  
That, hour by hour unwearied,  
The glad evangel tells—  
Of life that blooms unfading,  
Of love that cannot die,  
Of rest and peace abiding  
Beyond our shrouding sky.

O viewless Easter angels  
That wander round the world,  
Where, reeking red with carnage,  
The bolts of hate are hurled,  
Where, rank on rank, the crosses  
Stand silent on the hill,  
Go, plant the amaryllis,  
The rose, the daffodil.

Then all the winds of Easter  
Shall bear upon their wings  
To wounded hearts the essence  
Of all life's sweetest things.  
"The Lord is risen!" shall echo  
From shore to farthest shore,  
And Love shall reign eternal,  
And pain shall be no more.

## VACATION AT GRANDMA'S

ALL in the blue of the summer day,  
From morn till the twilight dewy,  
Tiresome lessons all put away,  
Three dear laddies keep holiday—  
Henry and Jim and Louis.

O it is joy, pure joy, to be free  
From the thrall of examinations.  
This is the cry of the laddies three:  
"Holidays are the days for me.  
Hurrah for the glad vacations!"

Dangling a worm in the woodland stream  
To tempt the foolish fishes;  
Roaming the fields where the ripe fruits gleam—  
"Say, with Grandma's sugar and cream  
Strawberries are delicious!"

Somewhere the gray rocks, grim and old,  
Are purple with huckleberries.  
Somewhere the hazelnuts turn to gold:  
Somewhere bubbles a spring, ice-cold;  
Somewhere are crimson cherries.

Somewhere the painted trilliums grow,  
And the bluebells are a-blowing.  
Somewhere are windflowers, white as snow.  
Where? You must ask the boys—they know  
All that is worth the knowing.

Ever a new delight distills  
As the morning buds in beauty.  
Mirthful music of laughter trills  
Up from the valleys, over the hills—  
Joy is the day's one duty.

Archery contests are on to-day.  
Yon arrow, how swift it wingeth  
Over the roof-tree, up and away,  
Up where the green boughs swing and sway,  
Up where the robin singeth.

"What are you doing, my laddies three?  
Your laughter rings so merry."  
"Skinning a woodchuck to cook for tea.  
Have some?" "No thanks, Jim, not for me—  
Though it is tempting, very!"

Skies grow gray and a deluge pours.  
Hurrah for a thrilling story  
Of strange adventures on far-off shores.  
Hidden treasure, and wrecks and wars,  
Valor and fame and glory!

Books in plenty at Grandma's wait  
For the music of summer showers.  
Pass right in through the story gate;  
Find and follow your soul's true mate,  
Gather the dreamland flowers

Vacation comes to an end too soon.  
Farewell to the bracing breezes!  
Yet, if all days held the breath of June,  
If life were sung to a holiday tune,  
Would it be sure to please us?

No! For I know of the holiday song  
The true boy spirit wearies.  
Sure am I you will yearn ere long,  
Yearn to march with the brave and strong.  
Here's good luck to you, dearies!

## A LITTLE BIT OF VERSE

**I**T may be early, ere the morn has lost its crimson  
flush,  
Or 'mid the noonday clamor, or the fragrant vesper  
hush;  
Sometime before the hours of light their tale of toil  
rehearse,  
I seek a treasured volume for a little bit of verse.

When Keats or noble Tennyson a rhythmic stanza  
sings,  
I bathe my soul in beauty and forget life's mundane  
things.  
In Browning's mine I deeply delve for grains of golden  
ore,  
And Ingelow sets my feet in paths they never trod  
before.

I honor them, the mighty ones, the laureled poet band:  
But oh! I love the singers of our own Canadian land.  
The eager years await to crown with stars their  
younger brows,  
And proudly weave about their names the myrtle and  
the rose.

They sing of dear, familiar things in measures wildly  
sweet,  
Like bird-songs in our native woods when night and  
morning meet.  
But not alone these home-born themes—wide as the  
universe,  
As high as Heaven, as deep as death, the limits of  
their verse.

There's Lampman, Campbell, Carman, Scott, there's  
Crawford, Watson, Rand,  
With others, who have climbed the heights and in the  
starshine stand;  
A kinship sweet with them I claim as sortly they  
rehearse—  
Lifting me skyward, too, awhile—a little bit of verse.

## SYDNEY CARTON

*(A Tale of Two Cities)*

SYDNEY CARTON, so far as we know, is a fictitious character—a creation of Charles Dickens' wonderfully prolific brain. Yet after all, how very real he is! And how strongly his splendid heroism appeals to the noblest instincts we possess! The Great War is revealing many "Sydney Cartons" to-day—men whose lives have seemed to be failures, who have never been able to rise above environment, circumstance, or heredity; or who, for lack of sufficiently inspiring motive, have never amounted to anything worth while. But when the great call came, with no fuss or ostentation, with no consciousness of heroism, they quietly stepped into line and "marched breast forward." In so doing they have caught the "vision splendid," and inspired by its light have done heroic things, and laid down their lives, where "In Flanders' fields the poppies blow between the crosses, row on row."

And so, to all the "Sydney Cartons" of the world, of whatever name or race—men who from apparent failure have risen to sublime heights of self-sacrifice—these lines are reverently inscribed.

THE hour has come. His courage does not falter;  
His smile fights up the gloom,  
As forth to lay his life upon love's altar  
He steps to meet his doom.

In thought he views his friend to safety pressing,  
To home and love and peace  
Fast hastening on—so free, so little guessing  
The price of his release.

He thinks of Lucie—was it vain to love her  
With love more strong than life?  
May holy angels spread their wings above her,  
And bear her from the strife!



He thinks of Lucie's child ; and tender feeling  
Wells up in unshed tears.  
Across the gloom a vision fair comes stealing—  
A vision of the years

Far distant, when that name may shine with glory  
That yet no fame has won,  
And loving lips will tell the boy his story  
Whose race is all but run.

They bind his arms ; they leave him in the dimness :  
They do not guess his name,  
Nor dream how, courting death in all its grimness,  
This hero plays the game.

A little seamstress, fair and young and slender—  
What could she know of guile?—  
Offers a greeting, timid-voiced and tender,  
A wan, pathetic smile.

“What traitorous thoughts could they have feared me  
thinking?  
What plots could such as I  
Have dreamed or dared? Yet I would meet unshrink-  
ing  
My death, since I must die.

"I am so small and weak"—her low tone alters,  
Her startled eyes grow dim  
With sudden mist of feeling as she falters,  
"Stranger, you die for him?"

"Yes, and his wife and child," he whispers, folding  
Her small, thin fingers fast.

"Oh, let me then your strong, brave hand be holding!"

He answers, "Till the last."

All in the blue and sunny summer weather,  
Amid a heartless throng,  
They take the last, the awful ride together—  
The way will not be long.

He recks not that the countless hordes stand gazing  
Unmoved upon that sight.  
He only sees those trustful eyes upraising  
To his their limpid light.

He recks not that a myriad voices murmur,  
A myriad footsteps press.  
He only holds her slender fingers firmer  
In meek and mute caress.

Bending his head to meet her gaze confiding,  
Some thought of cheer to give,  
He whispers softly of the peace abiding  
Where radiant angels live.

Her eyes beam clear ; her shrinking heart grows braver,  
And calm her quivering breath.  
Her thoughts are fixed on Him Who died to save her  
From everlasting death.

Thus voice to voice, each comforting the other,  
Yes, even heart to heart,  
Two children of the universal Mother,  
That else were wide apart,

All in the blue and sunny summer weather,  
Earth's shadows nearly past,  
Have met to take the homeward way together,  
And find a rest at last.

The rumbling tumbrils stop. They pause unfearing ;  
A light is in each face.  
What should they dread—two humble spirits nearing  
The soul's abiding-place?

"One question more"—her eyes are dim with wonder—

"One friend I have most dear.

Will it seem long that we two walk asunder,

Until she meet me there?"

"Fear not, dear child! There are no sad to-morrows,  
No partings there, no night.

They leave behind their burdens and their sorrows  
Who pass the gates of light."

"You comfort me—and is it now I kiss you?"

Smiling he whispers, "Yes.

Until we meet at yonder gate, God bless you!"—

Their lips together press.

The tender maiden does not faint nor falter

The short, sharp way to take:

And Sydney Carton lays upon the altar

His life for love's sweet sake.

"I am the resurrection," He that liveth

Forevermore hath said,

"I am the life: whoso my word receiveth

Shall live though he were dead."

## A SMILE FROM YOU

**A** SMILE from you is all I ask  
To glorify my daily task.  
The skies may weep, the winds may wail,  
All outward founts of joy may fail,  
All costlier graces be denied—  
The morn for me is beautified.

For just a smile from you may bring  
The birds and blossoms of the spring  
Within my heart to sing and bloom;  
May scatter sunbeams round my room;  
May touch the fringes of the mist  
And turn its gray to amethyst.

Throughout the hours, it well may be,  
Your thoughts not oft will stray to me.  
Not many words I ask of you  
From morningshine till evening dew.  
But as you pass me on your way,  
Give me a sunny smile to-day.

## BY WIRELESS

YOUR hand and mine have never touched in greeting,

Our eyes have never met :  
Your voice is still to me an unknown music,  
Heard but in dreams—and yet  
Your written words have blest me, cheered me, thrilled me,  
And lit the beacon fires  
Of strong resolve, and lofty aspiration,  
And noblest of desires.

What matter though a thousand miles divide us?  
A thousand miles—'tis naught!

For kindred souls may converse by the wireless  
Telegraphy of thought.

Upon my mountain-top I catch the message  
That cometh from afar,  
And coming thrills my universe with music  
Beyond its farthest star.

It tells me that the good, the true, the lovely,  
Life's well-refined gold,

If I am strong of heart to seek and find it,  
Is mine to have and hold.

My spirit calls across the starry vastness  
And answers: Even so—

Come joy or pain, come shade or shine or tempest,  
I will, I will be true.

O friend unseen, whose hope my hope hath kindled,  
Whose strength hath made me strong,  
Be thine the rich reward of high endeavor,  
Life's fruitful years along.  
Be thine the magic melody that floateth  
Adown the hills of dream!  
Be thine—and mine—to follow, follow starward  
The glory of the Gleam.

## THE MOUNTAIN TOP

THE summer sun lay golden on the mountain,  
And soft about us blew  
The elfin winds, the wild, free winds, that morning  
I wandered there with you.

As up and up to higher levels tending  
We slowly passed along,  
Upon the slippery steeps I did not waver—  
Your hand was firm and strong.

We gained the heights. The all-encircling vastness  
Our quickening pulses thrilled.  
With all the glory, all the wordless wonder,  
Our kindred souls were filled.

Above us and around us stretched the heavens,  
And far and far away,  
In misty, opalescent shadows melting,  
The dim horizon lay.

Up from the town, to mellow music softened,  
There rose a murmurous din,  
As o'er the waves, wind-kissed and sunbeam-silvered,  
We watched the boats come in.



But longer than the fair and pleasant picture,  
In sunlight round us spread,  
Within my heart will live the vibrant music  
Of gracious words you said:

"We may not reach the goal of our endeavor  
Before the sun goes down;  
Yet you and I will upward press, and ever  
Be worthy of our crown.

"No toil is lost, no energy is wasted,  
Our striving is not vain,  
E'en though we win no shining wreath of laurel,  
No proud, far heights attain.

"They are not dead, the seeds of hope we scattered  
Along the barren years,  
Though yet there springs no blossom of rejoicing,  
No golden fruit appears.

"Not in the prize, though lovely and alluring,  
Our best reward must be.  
Is not the strength that comes alone from struggle  
Enough for you and me?

"Enough to have uplifted by our message  
One life for one brief hour;  
Out of one heart a weed to have uprooted,  
And planted there a flower:

"Enough if we a helping hand have given,  
Have strengthened faltering feet,  
Have shed about us ever the aroma  
Of kindness rare and sweet."

Enough! and yet the distant beacons beckon,  
The shining steeps allure.  
We long to breathe—the impulse is of Heaven—  
Those airs serene and pure;

To stand beside the noble souls who conquered,  
Who would not be downcast,  
Who, after all the heartache and the failures,  
Have won success at last.

Some day—who knows?—after the toil and patience,  
The conflict long and tense,  
There yet may come to us life's crowning glory  
Of richest recompense.

## THE NOONDAY CHIMES

OUT o'er the snowy city roofs at noon,  
Out o'er the home, the market and the street,  
With solemn intonation floats a prayer—  
A lyric strain, melodious and sweet.

A message in that mellow music rings.  
Far-flung upon the wind it peals and swells,  
With sweet reiteration day by day,  
From vibrant, silver-tongued cathedral bells.

"Lift up your hearts to God!"—the strain sublime  
With pulsing, rhythmic cadence throbs and thrills,  
While listening hearts turn, silent, Heavenward,  
And longing eyes are lifted to the hills.

O let that music sink in every soul!  
O let it echo far across the sea,  
And breathe amid the discord, fierce and wild,  
A tuneful, tender prayer from you and me!

"Lift up your hearts!"—"We lift them to the  
Lord"—

Our longings heavenward waft on music's wing.  
God give us peace that blossoms bright from tears,  
God save our valiant men, our noble King!

## MOTHER OF MINE

THERE shines no pearl in the deep, deep sea,  
Mother of mine,  
So fair, so rare as your love to me,  
Mother, mother of mine.

The stars may wane, and the sun grow pale,  
Mother of mine;  
I know that never your love shall fail,  
Mother, mother of mine.

My wayward feet in the far-off days,  
Mother of mine,  
You led in ever the safest ways,  
Mother, mother of mine.

The sweetest truths that a child may know,  
Mother of mine,  
Your voice instilled in the long ago,  
Mother, mother of mine.

You taught me praise and you taught me prayer,  
Mother of mine;  
And a simple faith in a Father's care,  
Mother, mother of mine.

You bade me rise from the common clod,  
Mother of mine,  
To purer heights on the hills of God,  
Mother, mother of mine.

You taught me love for the finer things,  
Mother of mine;  
I drank of joy from the secret springs,  
Mother, mother of mine.

I've wandered forth in the world afar,  
Mother of mine.  
Your truth was ever my polar star,  
Mother, mother of mine.

God's loving-kindness each morn is new,  
Mother of mine—  
I thank Him most that He gave me you,  
Mother, mother of mine.

Your children arise and call you blest,  
Mother of mine,  
Our dearest treasure, the sweetest, best—  
Mother, mother of mine.

This wreath I weave for your crowning, dear,  
Mother of mine,  
God bless you, keep you for many a year,  
Mother, mother of mine.

